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trade, and whatever else should qualify the pupil for entering on his new sphere to the best advantage to himself and the community, in the capacity in which he shall be destined to act. Schools of the same kind may be set up in the colony, with a course of instruction adapted to circumstances. The humbler and more useful arts of life may be taught to the natives, who may be induced to attend the schools. The most promising of the colonists may learn some of the languages of the interior, which shall fit them for greater influence and usefulness. Religious instruction may be inculcated, churches built, and preachers supported. In short, the Colonization Society will never want employment for its means and strength, nor meet with any obstructions to the fullest exercise of its benevolence and activity, although it shall relinquish the arduous and embarrassing task of holding supreme direction over the colony.

While writing the above, we have been gratified to see accounts of new auxiliary societies springing up in different parts of the country, and especially one at Richmond, Virginia, with the venerable Chief Justice Marshall at its head. The sanction of such a name may well confirm the confidence of the steady advocates for colonization, and communicate a quickening power to the tardy zeal of the wavering. When, in addition to this, we reflect on the unqualified approbation with which the present Chief Magistrate of the nation has uniformly regarded the designs of the Colonization Society, the number of distinguished persons found among its active patrons, and the progress it has made under an accumulation of discouraging circumstances, we can hardly desire a stronger testimony to the importance of its objects, or a more auspicious presage of its ultimate success.

ART. IV.—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.* London, 1822. pp. 206.

IT is the lot of men to suffer, as we have all read in the school books and elsewhere. The fine structure, which gives vivacity to the senses, and makes us capable of plea-

surable sensations, renders us liable to a thousand annoyances. Great excitability, or a system naturally sluggish, may make the air and food we live upon, poisonous ; and condemn us to ache under the processes of breathing and digestion. And then, the best physical organization is made to be worn out, and, what by use and abuse, misfortune and imprudence, too early becomes feeble and hardly able to maintain the unequal contest with the elements. The mind is thus incessantly harrassed and pressed, like the garrison of a weak citadel besieged by a strong foe, to which it must finally surrender. Sympathy inflicts on us the sufferings of others, and makes misery contagious. Or if nothing external to the mind gives it trouble, it may possess within itself sufficient materials of misery ; its regrets of the past, or forebodings and despair of the future, may settle upon it like a cloud, through which it can look at the world only as an undesirable place. Or mere vacancy, the pain of not being excited, is in itself an evil, that puts nimble and impatient spirits upon the pursuit of sensation.

Pain is, according to the doctrine of some wise men, the only motive to action ; and in their opinion, therefore, all this throng of men that we see crowding and justling each other in the world, and crossing each others' paths in all directions, is made up of so many *patients*, each in the eager search of some particular remedy for the evil he feels or fears. But of all the modes of assuaging present pain, or seeking present pleasure, the most preposterous is that of sacrificing the means of future comfort ; and the habits least worthy of a thinking being, are those which make the mind depend for its solaces and enjoyments, on physical sensations and affections. The impulse of excited passion or appetite is allowed by the world to be some apology for many acts, that would not otherwise be excusable ; but it should seem incredible, that any person would coolly, and with deliberate purpose, choose a substance to put into his stomach, which, though it may dispel present anxiety, or call up a train of agreeable images and sensations, is yet certain to remain in his system a future poison, inducing pain, weakness, melancholy, and early decrepitude. This is however done, more or less frequently, by many persons, and most flagrantly of all, by those who resort to opium as a luxury. A case of this

description makes the subject of the book, of which we are treating, and which the author professes to write to illustrate the moral and physical decay and destruction consequent upon such a practice. We believe that very few persons, if any, in this country, abandon themselves to the use of opium as a luxury ; nor does there appear to be any great danger of the introduction of this species of intemperance. The history of a case is, therefore, the less important, as an illustration of the fatal effects of this habit ; and we accordingly notice this work, more as an object of taste and literary curiosity, than by way of warning persons against a pernicious practice.

The book is made up, in part, of the dreams and fancies, pleasures and sufferings, whether real or supposed, of the writer. It abounds in fantastical and splendid images, and is interspersed with descriptions of great beauty and magnificence, and with detached thoughts and expressions of singular force and felicity—all strung together in a sort of biographical story, comprising but few incidents, and told in a manner not the most interesting. The writer makes too much display of his ‘superb intellect,’ as he seems to consider it ; and though occasionally, and indeed, in many instances, he reaches a strain of original and philosophical thinking, at other times he sinks into an obscure sort of metaphysical and mystical prosing, and becomes very formally dull and dry, in the detail of trifling circumstances and common thoughts. These faults of the piece are owing, in a great measure, to the exceeding partiality and satisfaction with which he contemplates his own conceptions and speculations. On the other hand, the reader is conciliated and won, by the tone of philanthropy prevailing through the work.

He begins with an account of his life, previously to the time of his addicting himself to opium, for the purpose, as he says, of ‘creating some interest of a personal sort, in the confessing subject.’ While he was a boy at school, he acquired the art of conversing fluently in Greek, by the practice of making extempore translations of newspaper paragraphs, into that language. He at length, and as his guardians thought prematurely, entertained a desire to be entered at college, which they were firmly resolved not to gratify, and this inspired him with the counter resolution of

quitting his school, without leave or ceremony, and being no longer a school boy. Accordingly, having one evening heard the service in the school room for the last time, and sorrowingly taken the last look at his venerable schoolmaster, with tears in his eyes he decamped in the night, taking a place in the stage-coach for Wales, with ten guineas in his pocket, and the world all before him where to choose his place of rest or action. Being arrived in Wales, he soon found his finances exhausted, and was reduced to live upon ‘blackberries, hips, and haws, &c.’ His only means of gaining a better subsistence was by writing love letters for the Welsh peasants. His practice in this vocation, together with his Greek Sapphics and Alcaics, procured him comfortable quarters in the family of a Welsh Methodist, where he was a great favorite with the young people, whose parents were absent at a quarterly meeting. But the good man and his wife, holding in much less admiration, than did the young folks, both love letters and Greek, on their return, greeted their visitor with a cold welcome; whereupon he says, ‘Mr Shelly is right in his notions about old age, that, unless counteracted by opposite tendencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter of the genial charities of the human heart;’ and as he observed no sign of any such opposite tendencies in this instance, he could do no other than take leave of his young friends and temporary comforts.

He proceeded to London, where for two months he passed his days and nights in the streets, in extremity of hunger and wretchedness; and then bettered his condition very little by taking, but not hiring, lodgings, in a large desolate mansion, in or near Oxford Street, the only other tenants of which were a starved attorney, and a female child, who dusted his apartment, and did such other offices of house keeping, as his style of living required. The forlorn little girl seemed to shift for subsistence as she could, and lived, the new tenant knew not how. The said attorney seems to have carried on a knavish kind of business, whatever it was, which compelled him ‘to lay down his conscience for the time,’ and though ‘the confessing subject’ had but limited opportunities of observing what went on, ‘he saw scenes of intrigue and complex chicanery, cycle and epicycle;’ of which, however, no distinct notion is given; and the whole

story of the little girl, the attorney, and the desolate house, is rather a meagre affair, from which the writer brings himself off not very happily. He 'generally contrived to lounge into the attorney's apartment during his breakfast, and with an air of as much indifference as he could assume, took such fragments as the attorney left.' And he does the man of law the justice to say, that, whatever may have been his professional practice, towards himself he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

After some time spent in this place of hard and cold lodging by night, and in rambling about the streets during the day, without employment, or other object than the gratification of an idle curiosity and the finding of sufficient food to be not quite starved to death upon, he at length met with an acquaintance, was reclaimed to the regular course, and soon found himself at Eton college, by the side of a good breakfast, in company with a friend. After so long an abstinence, a comfortable breakfast should seem to be the signal for cheerfulness and hearty feeding, but his organs had contracted an inveterate habit of starvation, and seemed to have lost the power of appetite; and the having a good meal within his reach, seemed to be hardly a less evil now, than the want of it had been before. His organs, however, gradually recovered their tone, and he proceeded to the university without further adventures or misfortunes, but with an injured constitution, and many unpleasant recollections. The rest of the book is occupied with the relation of the effects of taking opium.

Being at London for the first time after his entrance at college, at the suggestion of an acquaintance, he took a quantity of opium, which put him into an ecstasy. Thereafter—as the Duke of ——— used to say, 'Next friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk,'—he was accustomed to fix beforehand how often he would commit an excess in opium. He gives a dissertation upon the effects of opium, and maintains, that the exhilaration produced by it, is not at all like intoxication by brandy. He used to go to the opera in a state of exhilaration from opium, and maintains, that he could enjoy the music much more exquisitely by the help of this excitement; and accounts for this by saying, that,

‘Opium, by increasing the activity of the mind, increases of necessity that particular mode of its activity, by which we are able to construct, out of the raw material of organic sound, an elaborate intellectual pleasure. A chorus of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as a piece of arras work, the whole of my past life, not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if incarnated in the music; no longer painful to dwell upon; but the detail of its incidents removed or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed.’

In this state of exhilaration, he could find excellent matter of delight in the conversation of the people about the market, and in the streets, on saturday night, when they were receiving their wages, and making their plans of amusement for sunday.

The most remarkable effect of this drug was, to enable him to study with good success the German metaphysics, in Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and others.

But at length he began to suffer in bodily health, and to be oppressed with melancholy. His remedy was to diminish the quantity of his doses. When he reduced it to one eighth part of what he had usually taken, he says, ‘instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy, which rested upon my brain, like those black vapors that I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day; passed off with its murky banners, as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring tide,

That moveth altogether if it move at all.

My brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before; I read Kant again, and again I understood him, or fancied that I did.’

He was at this time residing in a cottage among the mountains; where one day a Malay, in an Asiatic dress, entered his mansion. He describes the group, of which this visitor made a part, as it presented itself to him in the kitchen, when he came down from his study at the summons of his house-keeper.

‘In a cottage kitchen, but paneled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing, resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay, his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white, relieved upon the dark pannel-

ing ; he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish ; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe, which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking figure could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air ; his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious looking Malay, was a little child from a neighboring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand she caught at the dress of the young woman for protection.'

The Malay addressed him in Malay, which he repaid in Greek, neither understanding the other ; whereupon, by the way of entertaining his visitor more intelligibly and agreeably, the host offered his guest a ball of opium, which the Malay accepted very cordially, and swallowed with great avidity, and thereupon departed on his journey in good spirits. The dose was so large, that he doubted whether he had poisoned his guest, or done him a kindness ; but he congratulates himself on not hearing of the dead body of the Malay being afterwards found on the road side.

For a time he employed himself in his mountain cottage in reading the 'grand lamentations of Sampson Agonistes, the great harmonies of the Satanic speeches in *Paradise Regained*,' *Spinosa de Emendatione Humani Intellectûs*, and *Ricardo's Political Economy*. But at length his habit of intemperance had made such inroads upon his constitution, that he says, 'My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance.' He describes himself as being in a state of intellectual torpor.

'But for misery and suffering, I might indeed be said to have existed in a dormant state. I could seldom prevail on myself to write a letter ; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish ; and often *that*, not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing table. The opium eater loses none of his moral sensibilities, or aspirations ; he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty ; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible, infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even to attempt. He lies under a weight of

incubus and night mare ; he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love ; he curses the spells which chain him down from motion ; he would lay down his life, if he might but get up and walk ; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.'

He began to have the power, when awake, of painting, as it were upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms.

'At night,' he says, 'when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp ; friezes of never ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn, as if they were stories drawn from the times before Oedipus—before Tyre—before Memphis. A corresponding change took place in my dreams ; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendor. My dreams were accompanied by deep seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed to descend into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. Buildings, landscapes, &c. were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time ; I sometimes seemed to have lived seventy or a hundred years in one night ; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millenium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

'In the early stages of my malady, the splendors of my dreams were chiefly architectural ; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces, as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes and silvery expanses of water. But subsequently the waters changed their character ; from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. Now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself ; now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear ; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens ; faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries ; my imagination was infinite, my mind tossed, and surged with the ocean.'

Then came the Malay, and with him a train of oriental imagery and mythology.

‘Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan. I brought Egypt and her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkies, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas; and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishna hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, in the heart of eternal pyramids. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c. soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way; I heard gentle voices speaking to me; and I awoke and it was broad noon; and my children were standing at my bed side, come to shew me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. So awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and other unutterable monsters of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and infancy, that in the sudden revulsion of my mind, I wept and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.’

By diminishing his doses he gradually recovered the use of his faculties, and alleviated his nightly sufferings. But at the conclusion of his first edition, he says, ‘One memorial of my former condition still remains; my dreams are not yet perfectly calm; the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided; the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed; my sleep is still tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents, when looking back from afar, it is still

With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.’

This second edition has an appendix, which does not add at all to the literary merit of the production, but is rather a bulletin of the state of the patient’s health, showing his constitution to be exhausted and shattered, and that, for the future, he had to expect only penance for his former habits.